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SUSPENSE STORIES

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ACID

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IN THIS ISSUE-- **thrill-packed exciting suspense stories...**  
**DEAD-END • GROUNDS FOR MURDER •**  
**BUM STEER • ACID TEST • and others**





WEB COMIC  
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# "Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jewett Papai, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

GLEASON  
CLEVELAND  
AFTER JEWETT  
TRAINING  
140 lbs. at  
Mackay

CLEVELAND  
BEFORE  
80 lbs.  
Berkman



Now wouldn't YOU  
Like To Have A New  
Body Like Mine? I added

7 INCHES to my CHEST  
3 1/2 INCHES to each ARM  
and to the rest of my  
body in proportion as  
YOU can.

Years *John Sill* UTAH

Let's go, young fellow,  
Now YOU give me  
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME**  
LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID  
and I'll give YOU a New  
**HE-MAN BODY** as I gave  
MANY Thousands like YOU  
**NO!** I don't care how skinny or  
fat you are. I'll make you  
OVER by the SAME method I turned  
myself from a weak to the strongest  
of the strong. Who can't I do for you  
what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of  
skinny fellows like YOU?

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
**Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!**

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY  
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and  
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS  
broadened from head to heels, you'll  
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be  
a WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY  
5-WAY PROGRESSIVE  
POWER SYSTEM  
BUILDS YOU  
5-WAYS FAST  
TO YOU  
SAVE YEARS  
AND  
DOLLARS

GEORGE  
P. JEWETT  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
6 times Winner  
Pudich  
Man Contest



Like John  
BECOME A  
MOVIE STAR  
HE-MAN

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU <sup>do</sup>  
in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day  
Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!  
**I GAINED 60 LBS.**

of SHAPELY  
**MIGHTY MUSCLES**  
Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon  
get this "AMAZING  
"SECRETS" Photo Book  
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How to WIN  
MUSCLES like IRON  
NERVES of STEEL  
World's Great  
EXPERT Tells  
You How YOU  
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An All-Around  
HE-MAN in  
10 MINUTES of  
FUN A DAY  
IN YOUR HOME  
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**FREE**  
while  
they  
last!

This Book  
will also show You  
**HOW YOU CAN WIN**  
**\$100.00 and A BIG 15" tall**  
**SILVER TROPHY** (Your Name On It)  
as I have just done.

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WIN WOMEN AND MEN FRIENDS

**You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN!**  
Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence

**You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN!**  
Win in Sports! Win Promotions, Praise, Popular-  
ity, Make More Money.

John Sill  
was a 125 lb.  
Skinny  
Weakling

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Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Leg 4. How to Build a  
Mighty Back 5. How to Build a Mighty Grip. Now all in One  
Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN" (ENLARGED FINE 144  
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WHEN OX PENNER RESOLVED TO KILL THE MAN WHO HELPED HIM PRISONER, HE WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE A TRAGIC AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT. BUT POOR OX WAS GIVING HIMSELF A...

# BUM STEER

ALL I DO NOW IS STEER THIS BUGGY INTO THE REAR OF THAT PARKED TRUCK, AND MY PAL HERE'LL BE OFF MY HANDS FOR GOOD! SO LONG, BONES... THE END OF THE LINE'S COMING UP!

DICK STORCH

IN THE LOBBY OF A SECOND-RATE HOTEL, THE EVENING AFTER THE DERBY...

"LO, OX. HOW'S THINGS GOING?"

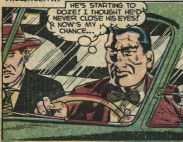
"B-BONES! W-WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN TOWN? I..I WAS GONNA PHONE THE BOSS FIRST THING TOMORROW!"

KINDA SIMPLE OF YOU, OX...THINKING YOU COULD SKIP OUTTA TOWN WITH THE TAKE FROM THAT BETTING COUP OF OURS! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS... BEHIND THIS BRIEF CASE IS A LOADED GUN! I'LL USE IT IF NECESSARY!

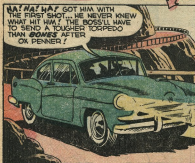




**T**HE TIRES ROLL BY... SOON, THE DARKNESS AND STEADY HUMMING OF THE TIRES TAKES THE DESIRED EFFECT ON THE OMINOUS PASSENGER...









I FIND ME A TRUCK PARKED FOR THE NIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND SLAM INTO IT! I'LL GET SCRATCHED UP A LITTLE, BUT IF I AIM THE *RIGHT* SIDE OF THIS CHARIOT AT THE TRUCK... BONES' BODY'LL BE SMASHED BEYOND IDENTIFICATION! THAT BULLET HOLE WON'T EVEN BE SPOTTED!

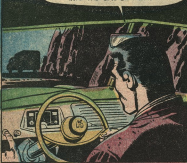


**F**OR HALF-AN-HOUR, DX CRUISES ALONG THE HIGHWAY, LOOKING INTENTLY FOR A PARKED TRUCK, THEN...

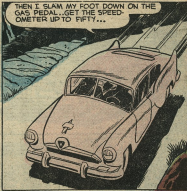
THERE'S ONE...BUTTONED UP FOR THE NIGHT, JUST FAR ENOUGH AWAY FOR ME TO GIVE THIS CAN THE GUN AND GET UP SOME STEAM!



FIRST, LIKE IN THAT STORY, I SNAP OFF THE HEADLIGHTS. NO NEED TO WAKE UP THE TRUCK DRIVER BEFORE I SLAM INTO HIS GAS-BURNER!



THEN I SLAM MY FOOT DOWN ON THE GAS PEDAL...GET THE SPEED-OMETER UP TO FIFTY...



**G**ATHERING SPEED, THE CAR PLUNGES TOWARD THE DARKENED TRUCK...



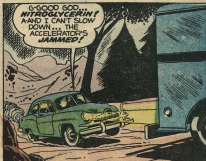
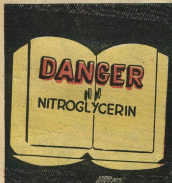


**T** HUNDERING ALONG THE ROAD, THE PASSENGER CAR SUDDENLY SWERVES ONTO THE SHOULDER!



ZEROED IN ON THE BIG-BOY NOW! EVEN IF THE DRIVER STARTS UP I'LL RAM INTO IT!

THERE'S A SIGN ON THE BACK OF IT... C-CAN'T MAKE IT OUT IN THE DARK! I'LL SNAP ON THE LIGHTS FOR A SECOND... JUST TO MAKE SURE...



G-GOOD GOD... NITROGLYCERIN! A-AND I CAN'T SLOW DOWN... THE ACCELERATOR'S JAMMED!



T-TOO LATE TO SPIN OUT OF THE WAY OR SLAM ON THE BRAKES! WE'RE HEADED RIGHT FOR IT! WE'RE GETTING CLOSER... CLOSER!

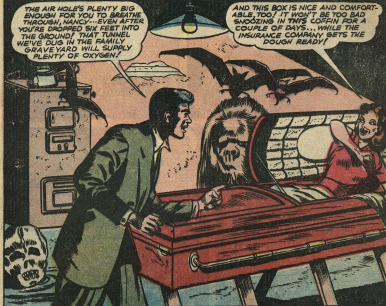


THE STORY OF PENNER READ YOU WILL AGREE, WAS A BUM STEER! IT LED HORRIBLY ENOUGH TO... **THE END**



IT WAS A BRILLIANT SCHEME...THIS MACABRE SWINDLE DREAMT UP BY TOM AND NANCY SPARROW! AND ON ITS SUCCESS DEPENDED \$100,000 IN LIFE INSURANCE MONEY! ENOUGH REWARD, IN FACT, TO MAKE IT...

# **GROUNDS FOR MURDER!**



THE AIR HOLE'S PLENTY BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BREATHE THROUGH, NANCY!—EVEN AFTER YOU'RE DROPPED SIX FEET INTO THE GROUND! THAT TUNNEL WE'VE DUG IN THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD WILL SUPPLY PLENTY OF OXYGEN!

AND THIS BOX IS NICE AND COMFORTABLE, TOO! IT WON'T BE TOO BAD SNOOZING IN THIS COFFIN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS... WHILE THE INSURANCE COMPANY GETS THE DOUGH READY!

IN DILAPIDATED OLD "SPARROW'S NEST" AN IMPORTANT LETTER ARRIVED AND WAS READ WITH FEVERISH INTEREST...

IT'S FROM ACME INSURANCE, TOM. THEY'VE ACCEPTED YOUR APPLICATION FOR THAT 100 GRAND POLICY ON MY LIFE!

AND I'VE JUST PERFECTED THE SERUM, DARLING! WE'RE ALL SET TO MAKE OUR PITCH FOR THE DOUGH! BUT FIRST LET'S CHECK THE BURIAL GROUNDS AGAIN!

SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE OLD SPARROW HOUSE STOOD THE ANCIENT FAMILY CEMETERY...

Y-YOU'RE SURE IT WILL WORK, TOM?

DIDN'T WE REHEARSE THE WHOLE THING JUST LAST WEEK? ENOUGH AIR WILL COME THROUGH... AFTER THE COFFIN IS SET IN THIS GRAVE... TO KEEP YOU ALIVE INDEFINITELY! THIS HOLE IS A REGULAR BREATHING TUBE...





A WEEK PASSED... A WEEK OF LAST MINUTE PREPARATIONS. AND THEN...

"THIS WON'T HURT AT ALL, NANCY! YOU'LL SLEEP SOUNDLY... FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS!"

"THEN... \$100,000 IS OURS! ENOUGH TO PAY OFF ALL OUR DEBTS, GET RID OF THIS OLD HAUNTED HOUSE... AND START LIVING!"



A HALF-HOUR LATER, A CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP OUTSIDE "SPARROW'S NEST" AND AN EXCITED MAN RACED INTO THE ANCESTRAL HOME. A MAN WITH A LITTLE BLACK BAG...

"NO HEARTBEAT... NO PULSE! BRACE YOURSELF, MR. SPARROW..."

"Y-YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEAT AROUND THE BUSH WITH ME, DOCTOR. SHE'S DEAD... MY DARLING WIFE IS DEAD!"



"HERE'S THE DEATH CERTIFICATE, MR. SPARROW... ALL MADE OUT AND SIGNED. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...?"

"T-THANKS, DOC... I'LL MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT. THERE'S THE UNDERTAKER TO CALL... AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY. I'LL MANAGE."



"THAT SERUM WORKED PERFECTLY... FOOLED THE DOCTOR COMPLETELY! AND THE DEATH CERTIFICATE... ALL WE NEED TO COLLECT THAT MONEY FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! HEH HEH! NOT A BAD LITTLE SWINDLE!"



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SPARROW FAMILY CEMETERY, A TRAGIC CEREMONY TOOK PLACE...

NANCY'D GET A LAUGH OUT OF THIS, IF SHE COULD WATCH! BUT SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS IN THAT BOX... PROBABLY DREAMING OF OUR SUDDEN WEALTH! I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP, SO I COULD GET BACK TO THE HOUSE AND POUR MYSELF A DRINK...



SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MR. SPARROW... I'M FROM THE ACME INSURANCE COMPANY. AS SOON AS I HEARD OF YOUR WIFE'S DEATH, I HURRIED OVER...

I-INSURANCE COMPANY? T-THERE'S... SOMETHING... WRONG?



FRIENDS AND RELATIONS FINALLY TOOK THEIR LEAVE, AND TOM HURRIED BACK TO "SPARROW'S NEST"...

I THOUGHT THOSE JERKS WOULD NEVER LEAVE! I'LL SNEAK BACK TO THE GRAVE YARD TOMORROW NIGHT AND DIG HER UP AND... W-WHAT'S THAT? M-MUST BE THE DOORBELL....

**RINNN-666!**



JUST A ROUTINE CHECK, SIR. IT'S CUSTOMARY IN CASES WHERE INSURED PEOPLE DIE SOON AFTER A POLICY IS GRANTED FOR OUR OWN DOCTOR TO EXAMINE THE BODY. I'M AFRAID THE CORPSE WILL HAVE TO BE EXHUMED. WILL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW BE ALL RIGHT?

Y-YES... SURE....!



DAY AFTER TOMORROW? THE SERUM WILL HAVE WORN OFF BY THAT TIME, AND WHEN THEY OPEN THE COFFIN THEY'LL FIND NANCY ALIVE AND GRINNING! AND A SECOND INJECTION, SOON AFTER THE FIRST, WOULD BE DEADLY!



W-WAIT... THAT'S THE ANSWER! DEADLY! I CAN ARRANGE THAT TOO! FOR A HUNDRED GRAND IT'S WORTH IT! AND I WON'T HAVE TO SPLIT IT WITH ANYONE! NO MONEY WASTED ON SILLY DRESSES, FURS... IT'LL BE ALL MINE!







WEAVING DRUNKENLY TO THE GRAVE IN WHICH HIS WIFE HAD BEEN BURIED JUST THE DAY BEFORE, TOM BEGAN HIS GRISLY WORK...

I'LL TAKE A PEEK, JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE! THEN I'LL CLOSE THE COFFIN AGAIN... NIC... AND BE READY TOMORROW FOR THE EXHUMING! THAT INSURANCE COMPANY IS SMART... NIC... BUT NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH!



THE GRAVE... NIC... ISH FULL OF ANTS! THAT SUGAR ATTRACTED THEM BY THE THOUSANDS! THE GROUND ISH FULL OF THEM... GOOD GROUND ISH FOR THIS KIND OF MURDER! HEE HEE HEE!



HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SAW, TOM SPARROW STEPPED BACK. HIS FOOT STRUCK THE SHOVEL AND, IN HIS DRUNKEN STUPOR, HE LOST HIS BALANCE...

G-GOTTA GET AWAY FROM... OOOOOPS! I-I'M FALLING DOWN THERE!



THERE IT IS, NICE AND SHINY! A LOT OF WORK... NIC... BUT WORTH \$100,000! NOW TO OPEN THE COFFIN...



T-THERE... IT'SH OPEN! NANCY IS UGHHHH! G-GOOD LORD... THOSE ANTS HAVE PICKED HER CLEAN! THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF THEM SAWMARMING AROUND! G-GOT TO CLOSE IT UP...



INTO HIS WIFE'S GRAVE TOM SPARROW FELL. WITH A SICKENING CRASH HIS HEAD STRUCK AN EDGE OF THE COFFIN...

T-THE ANTS... THEY.. ARGHHHH!





FIVE MINUTES PASSED...TEN MINUTES...BEFORE TOM SPARROW'S EYES OPENED AND HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS. AT FIRST, ALL HE WAS AWARE OF WAS A TERRIBLE PAIN...

"MY BACK...FEELS AS IF I HURT MY SPINE! I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE!..."



"I'M PARALYZED! CAN'T MOVE ANYTHING... TRAPPED HERE!"

AGAIN AND AGAIN TOM SPARROW SCREAMED FOR HELP, BUT THE SOUND WAS LOST IN THE TREES OF THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD. THEN BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, A HORRIBLE PROCESSION BEGAN...

"T-THEY'RE COMING FOR ME! THE ANTS... AND I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF!"



"N-NO...NO! T-THEY'RE CLOGGING MY NOSE... MY EYES... BUTCHERING ME!"

THE MOMENTS TICKED AWAY... AND WITH THEM TOM SPARROW'S LIFE EBBED. WHEN THE ANTS FINALLY RETREATED, THEY LEFT BEHIND A GROTESQUE SIGHT...



AT THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE SPARROWS, THE TELEPHONE RANG AND RANG. AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

"FUNNY... I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MR. SPARROW! HE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO OPEN HIS WIFE'S GRAVE AFTER ALL! HIS DOCTOR'S SIGNATURE ON THAT DEATH CERTIFICATE WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR US TO PAY HIM THE INSURANCE MONEY!"



ACME INSURANCE COMPANY.

**P**AUL AJAX HAD SWORN VENGEANCE ON HIS TWIN BROTHER, QUENTIN, THE NEXT TIME THEY MET. AND HERE THEY WERE...

# FACE TO FACE



WHO IS IT?  
W-WHAT... **PAUL!**  
WHAT'RE **YOU**  
DOING HERE? I...  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE STILL  
IN... IN...

IN PRISON, DEAR BROTHER?  
I ~~WAS~~... UNTIL THIS  
MORNING... I ESCAPED! IT  
TOOK ALL THE MONEY I HAD,  
PLUS SEVERAL HOURS OF  
SNOOPING AROUND TO FIND  
YOU! YOU DOUBLE-  
CROSSING LITTLE...

Y-YOU'RE ALL WRONG... IT WASN'T **MY**  
TESTIMONY THAT  
SENT YOU TO JAIL!  
THEY HAD US  
TRAPPED FOR THAT  
SWINDLE WE PULLED  
...ONE OF US HAD  
TO PAY THE PEN-  
ALTY FOR IT...

SO YOU DECIDED  
I WOULD KILL  
TIME BEHIND  
PRISON WALLS,  
EH? AND **YOU**  
WOULD POCKET  
THE DOUGH WE  
GRABBED?



I'VE COME  
FOR THE  
MONEY, AND  
**VENGEANCE!**  
NO RAT...  
EVEN MY  
OWN BROTHER  
...GETS AWAY  
WITH WHAT  
YOU PULLED!

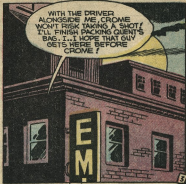
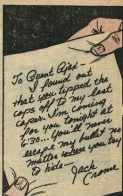
WAIT, PAUL...  
LISTEN! I... I'M  
IN HOT-WATER, MY-  
SELF... I'LL SPIN  
THE DOUGH WITH  
YOU AND WE'LL  
ESCAPE TOGETHER...  
**ARGHH!**



Dick  
Spencer











**W**HO DID PAUL AJAX SEE? THE POLICE? ..OR DEADLY JACK CROME? ..OR SOMEONE ELSE? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE ENDING TO "FACE TO FACE" TO : ALFRED V. FAGO, 400 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF "LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES". THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT... AND \$10 IN CASH!

# M'BATU

There was silence in the great hall as Chief Jirilo. Kaphet arose to speak, a giant dressed in an immaculate white suit. He was about six feet seven and towered over the men standing before him. As hereditary head of the Ma-Weru tribe he had come to plead his case before the trusteeship Council. He spoke in Swahili, the tongue most frequently used in his area of Tanganyika.

"For more than six hundred years my people have lived peacefully on our lands. Once we were a fiery nation willing to fight anyone regardless of the odds against us. But we learned to be farmers and to take care of cattle. Now we have been forced to move to an area in the south. Because of the meager rainfall and the tsetse flies this new home is not suitable for us. We wish to return to the land of our fathers where our dead are buried."

The Honorable John P. Meadly, a Canadian-born lawyer, who had spent five years in Tanganyika, had been asked to plead the cause of the tribe. He went to the microphone and translated the plea of the chief, word for word. For half an hour the council debated and then gave its verdict.

"According to the treaty of 1938 entered into legally by the now departed chief Moli-Garu and the authorities concerned, there was a legal right to move the tribe to another home provided the land on which they had lived could be more profitably used by another group of people."

Then the Honorable John P. Meadly translated the decision of the council for the benefit of the chief. The two men talked together for about ten minutes and then suddenly the face of the lawyer became pale. One of the members of the council rushed to him.

"Anything wrong? Want me to call a doctor? You look as though you got sick because of something the chief said. Mind telling me what happened?"

"You won't believe it, but I might as well tell you right now what is going to happen in



Tanganyika. The Chief is going back to the graves of his ancestors. Since he is also a medicine man he will use M'Batu, which is what you call Black Magic. With this power he will drive the settlers out of the land."

The man looked at the attorney trying to decide whether or not he was jesting. Much against his own common sense he was forced to conclude this was no joke. But to make certain he asked but one more question.

"You don't really believe in this Black Magic?"

And the reply was one that Dr. Hendericks Cuko, recording secretary of the Trusteeship Council was never to forget.

"Not only do I believe in it, but I have seen it work. And mark my word, within one month there won't be a settler in that area. The tribe will then be able to return legally because the area will have to be classified as unsuitable."

By auto caravan the modern settlers under Philip McEntery had come to the former homeland of the Ma-Weru tribe. But there was one fact that disturbed the leader of the settlers.

"Any time the natives want to visit the cemetery we must give them permission. This I do

## LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES

not like. They are out there now with their leader performing some kind of crazy rites."

There was no moon in the sky as Chief Jirilo Kaphet and a dozen of his tribesmen squatted on the ground of their cemetery. The Chief arose and then performed a short dance, dressed in animal skins. In his right hand he had a golden spear, the symbol of his authority.

"Hear me, the spirits of my ancestors," he chanted in a monotone. "We are now in the eyes of other people like children. Once we were a proud and fierce nation. But I have seen the birds that fly in the sky and drop death that blows up entire villages. I have seen guns that spit thousands of deaths within a short space of time. We have no weapons like this. But we do have M'Batu. I call upon you, Seri Gashi, our greatest chief and medicine man, to rise from your grave and show us the path to victory."

Slowly a portion of the ground separated and first there appeared a withered hand. Then came the rest of the body and a man that had been dead for three hundred years came back to perform his mission as a medicine man.

"On behalf of all these dead but not without the spirit to return, I shall help regain your land. We shall join together and win a victory. We strike when the moon is full."

It was on a Thursday night that the moon was full. Philip McEntery was walking with some of his men. His heart was full of pride as he looked at the houses that had been built in such a short span of time. Suddenly a fly bit his cheek and he instinctively raised his hand to strike it. But he missed and then several other flies went for his right hand. He turned to his companion and spoke.

"There shouldn't be any flies in this area. Better check with Dr. Jaimson. Be certain there is screening and netting over every window and door."

Not a person slept that night. It seemed that the flies were so small they could actually enter the tiny spaces in the screening and netting. As Philip McEntery was later to tell a group of newspapermen, "I know this sounds crazy but everyone who was there will back me up. Once in a room, those flies became gigantic in size. You would swat at them but they weren't like any kind of flies we had ever seen in that part of Africa. They were quicker than the eye."

And Dr. Jaimson had something else to add to the story. As a medical man his words bore weight.

"I used that new chemical, DX-12, and they would fall to the floor. But when we approached them it looked as though they were making an effort, I would almost call it a human ef-

fort, to again fly. And that is just what happened. Finally we had to stop using DX-12, as it began to affect our women and children."

At the end of three days the livestock that had been brought by the settlers became infected by the attacks of these terrible flies. A cow would slump to the ground and remain in a kind of coma and finally die. It was when the women all started to become hysterical that the final decision was made.

"As leader of this group," said Philip McEntery, "I feel we should vote upon the matter. The question is simple. Shall we try to fight against these flies and perhaps suffer death, or shall we return to the coast and look for better land?"

The men discussed the matter without bitterness. There was a peculiar tired feeling that had overcome the entire group, a feeling of despondency. One of the men voiced his thoughts to his friends.

"I'm not a coward. At my age you aren't exactly afraid of death when you have lived more than half a century. But I have seen things other men would laugh at. Years ago you might have called it Black Magic. There is some kind of powerful force opposed to us. We aren't wanted here. And maybe we don't really belong here. If I had to fight with a gun or my bare hands against a human enemy, I would. Let's get out of here before it is too late. Put it to a vote."

There wasn't a single dissenting vote and all their possessions were piled high upon the overloaded trucks. As they started for the coast, Philip McEntery made a suggestion.

"I should like to put the torch to our buildings."

But Dr. Jaimson countered that suggestion with some common sense.

"If the wind shifted we might all be trapped and be burned to death. Let the buildings remain there. The area can be classified as unsuitable."

Just as the last truck was about to leave, a fly went straight for Philip McEntery's face. He struck at it and watched it fly away as though it were limping.

There was silence in the great hall as Chief Jirilo Kaphet spoke.

"I wish to thank you all for classifying the area as unsuitable. My tribe has returned to its ancient home, and we are amply repaid for all our sufferings. The settlers left their homes intact and we now inhabit them."

Dr. Hendericks Cukor, recording secretary, remarked to the attorney.

"The Chief must have had an accident. I notice he walks with a slight limp. But he certainly has the interests of his people at heart."

THE END

**N**EVILLE PRATT DEvised AN INGENUOUS PLAN TO PLUNGE HIS HATED WIFE FROM HER PENTHOUSE SUITE STRAIGHT DOWN TO A SUDDEN...

# DEAD END!



IN THE LAVISH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT ATOP A FASHIONABLE PARK AVENUE BUILDING, A FURIOUS DOMESTIC ARGUMENT CAME TO AN ABRUPT END...

B-BUT, EDNA... I NEEDED THE MONEY! I'LL REPLACE IT IN OUR JOINT BANK ACCOUNT AS SOON AS...

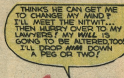
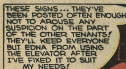
GET OUT, YOU CHEATING LIAR! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU FOR A LIFETIME! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A MALE GOLD-DIGGER!



THIS IS THE LAST STRAW... I'M GOING TO START DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS IMMEDIATELY! AND WHEN I LEAVE YOU... SO DOES MY FORTUNE!









MEANWHILE, IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT...

SHE FELL FOR IT... **HARD!** SHE'LL BE RINGING FOR THE ELEVATOR IN A FEW MINUTES! I'LL BE READY... AND SO WILL THESE WIRE CUTTERS!



OUR APARTMENT'S THE ONLY ONE ON THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR... AND THE OTHER TENANTS WILL STEER CLEAR OF THOSE SIGNS I TAPED ON THE DOORS! MY LOVELY WIFE WILL USE IT NEXT! HEE HEE! UGH... THE STRANDS OF THIS CONTROL CABLE ARE **TOUGH!**



ENOUGH WIRE LEFT TO GET IT UP TO THE PENTHOUSE! THEN... HEH HEH... WHEN EDNA STEPS INTO IT, SHE'LL BE **DROPPING** IN ON ME WITHIN SECONDS!



HE MINUTES TICKED BY AND THE TENSION MOUNTED.

EDNA'S PUNCTUAL. SHE'LL BE LEAVING THE APARTMENT IN A MINUTE!



AH! THERE GOES THE SIGNAL! IT MUST BE STARTING UP TOWARD HER NOW. SHE'S ON THE THRESHOLD OF HER LAST RIDE!



IT'S UP THERE NOW... DOOR'S OPENING! EDNA'S GETTING IN! EXTREMELY CALM, I'LL BET, FOR A WOMAN WITH ONLY A FEW MORE SECONDS TO LIVE!





...WHILE UP ON THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR, EDNA WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR THE ELEVATOR WHICH SHE HAD RELEASED A MOMENT BEFORE IN ORDER TO RE-ENTER HER APARTMENT TO GET HER LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT FOR DELIVERY TO HER LAWYERS!

**D**ENNIS PRATT HUNGRED FOR HIS FAMILY'S FORTUNE, BUT WHEN HIS SISTER DEBORAH STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND THE RICHES HE COVETED, THIS SINISTER CHEMIST RESOLVED TO PUT HER TO THE...

# ACID TEST

I MURDERED YOU SO SKILLFULLY, DEAR FATHER, THAT NO ONE WILL EVER DISCOVER MY CRIME! NOW THE PRATT FORTUNE IS HALF MINE!



COME, DEBORAH...YOU'VE ALREADY DISPLAYED TOO MUCH WEAKNESS! THE PRATT'S ARE SUPPOSED TO BE STRONG!

I CAN'T HELP IT, DENNIS...HE WENT SO FAST, ONCE HE BECAME ILL... ALMOST AS IF SOME EVIL POWER WAS AT WORK ON HIM!



IN A WEEK, FOOL, YOU WILL ALSO FALL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THAT EVIL POWER! THEN THE ENTIRE PRATT INHERITANCE WILL BE MINE!

I TAKE ME HOME, DENNIS... I FEEL ILL!



**D**EBORAH PRATT WAS ILL...THE RESULT OF POISONS SUBTLY FED TO HER BY HER BROTHER. THEN, AFTER THE FUNERAL...

THE ROOM...IT'S SPINNING CRAZILY! AND MY THROAT... IT'S ON FIRE!



D-DOCTOR... CALL THE DOCTOR, DENNIS! PLEASE... PLEASE!

I, MYSELF, WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU IN THIS EMERGENCY, DEAR SISTER! YOU WILL RECEIVE THE MOST PAINSTAKING TREATMENT I ASSURE YOU!





THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY AND DEBORAH FAILED TO RESPOND TO HER BROTHER'S CURIOUS MEDICATION.

COME! YOU MUST EAT IF YOU ARE TO REGAIN YOUR HEALTH!

NO MORE! I... I SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE! TOMORROW YOU MUST CALL THE DOCTOR...

DEBORAH'S STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT! SHE'S SURVIVED THE DOSES OF POISON I'VE BEEN FEEDING HER... I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HER SOMETHING SPECIAL BEFORE A DOCTOR ARRIVES TO SAVE HER!

THIS ACID I'VE DEVISED IS STRONG ENOUGH TO KILL HER THE MOMENT SHE SWALLOWS IT! SHE'S DEFIED MY EFFORTS SO FAR... BUT SHE WILL FAIL MY TEST... AND PAY WITH HER LIFE!

I'LL GIVE IT A LAST MINUTE TEST... AH! SEE HOW EASILY IT EATS THROUGH THE TABLE! IMAGINE WHAT IT'LL DO TO HER STOMACH WHEN SHE SWALLOWS A GLASSFUL!

I'LL POUR A DOUBLE DOSE INTO THIS MEDICINE... SECONDS AFTER DEBORAH DRINKS IT, THE PRATT FORTUNE WILL BE ALL MINE!

HERE... THIS CONCOCTION WILL EASE YOUR PAIN... PERMANENTLY! HURRY... DRINK IT DOWN

W-WHAT IS IT & IT... IT LOOKS SO STRANGE!



**S**LOWLY THE GLASS IS FORCED TOWARD DEBORAH'S LIPS! THEN, SUDDENLY, THE DOOMED GIRL THRASHES OUT IN DESPERATION!



**A** FEW DAYS LATER THE GRUESOME REMAINS OF DENNIS PRATT ARE VIEWED BY A GIRL STILL WEAK AND SHAKY...



WHEN HARRY LONG ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE HIS FATE, HE KNEW HE WAS LEAPING...

# OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



ON A RUBBER PLANTATION, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, HARRY LOOKED ALOFT ONE DAY AND SAW...

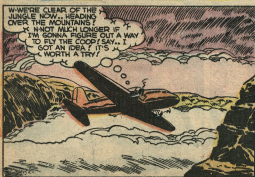


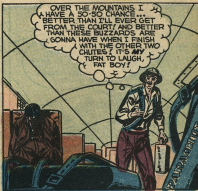
THEY MUST BE LANDING ON THE STRIP BY NOW! BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES... ONLY REASON THE COMPANY'D EVER SEND ANYONE HERE IS TO MAKE AN INSPECTION! CAN'T RISK THAT...

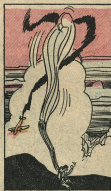
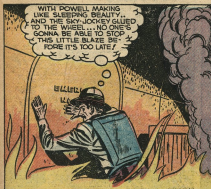


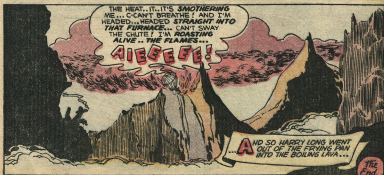














# FINGERPRINT REMOVAL

**H**UNTED BY THE POLICE OF 5 STATES, LARRY CALDWIN DESPERATELY NEEDED A SAFE HIDEAWAY...AND A SURE METHOD OF...



CALDWIN! THE COPS ARE POUNDING THE BUSHES FOR YOU...

THAT'S WHY I'M HEADED FOR YOUR PLACE, DOC! IF THEY PICK ME UP ON THAT BANK MUNG... AND COMPARE MY FINGER-PRINTS WITH THE ONES ON THE MURDER GUN... I'M FINISHED! I GOTTA GET RID OF THESE PRINTS!



IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THAT NEW FINGERPRINT REMOVAL PROCESS I'VE BEEN WORKING ON... IT'S STILL IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE! IT'S NEVER BEEN TESTED! I WOULDN'T DARE TRY IT ON ANYONE...

YOU'RE GONNA TRY IT ON ME... RIGHT NOW! I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE... AND NEITHER DO YOU!

THAT GUN MAKES YOU THE BOSS, LARRY. I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU WHAT I'M DOING... FIRST I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO EACH FINGERTIP TO DRY UP THE OILS IN THE PORES... IT'S THE OILS, YOU SEE... WHICH LEAVE THE PRINTS...



YEAH... SPEED IT UP!

THEN WE IMMERSE YOUR HANDS INTO THIS SEALING LIQUID FOR AN HOUR. I WISH YOU COULD'VE WAITED UNTIL MY EXPERIMENTS WERE FINISHED...

STOP THE YAKITY-YAK, DOC! IMMERSE! I'M IN A HURRY TO BE HISTORY'S FIRST FINGER-PRINTLESS FUGITIVE!



**T**IME PASSED SLOWLY, THEN...

HOUR'S UP, LARRY! I HOPE THAT YOUR RUSHING INTO THIS THING ISN'T GOING TO PROVE...

AW, SHUT UP! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GLOOMY GUS! ME... I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU'VE DONE IT... SOON AS I PULL MY HANDS OUT OF THIS MUCK WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!



YAAHHH! MY FINGERS HAVE DISSOLVED!

JOHN BULL



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**AMAZING**  
get acquainted offer!  
**GIANT COLLECTION**  
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all yours  
for only **98¢**  
**TREMENDOUS BARGAIN**

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# WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for  
Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

## I TRAINED THESE MEN

### LOST JOB. NOW HAS OWN SHOP

"Got rid of my machine shop job which I believe was lost long over happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week." —E. T. Hale, Covington, Texas.

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### \$18 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME

"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to secure Radio... arranged \$20 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business." —William Woyke, Brooklyn, New York.

## AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

### WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let us show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital secured in spare time. Robert DeWitt, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outlets and do reasonably well for myself. Office full back on NRI textbooks for information."



## Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Quality for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

## 1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$30 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Teeter you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

## 2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airway Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized... many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

## You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Students I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—Find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You. Ask Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 66-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on card. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 100-1, National Radio Institute, Washington 8, D. C. Our 1953 Year.

## Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 100-1  
National Radio Institute, Washington 8, D. C.

Send me Sample Lesson and 66 page Book.  
FREE! (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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Famous Roy Rogers professional type Archery Set. Includes 54 inch beautifully finished hardwood bow, 4 feathered arrows, target-face, instructions. Sell one order plus \$1c.



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